Haſt. So proſper *I*, as I ſweare perfect loue.
Riu. And *I*, as *I* loue Haſtings with my heart.
Kin. Madam, your ſelfe are not exempt in this,
Nor your ſonne Dorſet, Buckingham, nor you,
You haue beene factious one againſt the other:
Wife, loue Lord Haſtings, let him kiſſe your hand,
And what you do, do it vnfainedly:
Qu. Here Haſtings, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, ſo thriue I and mine.
Dor. Thus enterchange of loue, I here proteſt,
Vpon my part ſhall be vnuiolable.
Ha. And ſo ſweare I my Lord.
Kin. Now princely Buckingham ſeale thou this league,
With thy embracements to my wiues allies,
And make me happie in your vnitie.
Buc. When euer Buckingham doth turne his hate
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cheriſh you and yours, God puniſh me
With hate, in thoſe where I expect moſt loue,
When I haue moſt neede to imploy a friend.
And moſt aſſured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me. This do I begge of God,
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.
Kin. A pleaſing cordiall princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vowe vnto my ſickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother Gloſter here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Enter Gloceſter.

Buc. And in good time here comes the noble Duke.
Glo. Good morrow to my ſoueraigne king and queene,
And princely peeres, a happie time of day.
Kin. Happie indeed, as we haue ſpent the day:
Brother, we haue done deedes of charitie:
Made peace of enmitie, faire loue of hate,
Betweene theſe ſwelling wrong incenſed Peeres.
Go. A bleſſed labour moſt ſoueraigne liege,
Amongſt this princely heape, if any here
By falſe intelligence, or wrong ſurmiſe,

Hold

Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this preſence, I deſire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace,
Tis death to me to be at enmitie.
I hate it, and deſire all good mens loue.
Firſt Madame, I intreat peace of you,
Which I will purchaſe with my dutious ſeruic
Of you my noble couſen Buckingham,
If euer any grudge were lod'gd betweene vs.
Of you my Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray of yo
That all without deſert haue frownd on me,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, in deed of al
I do not know that Engliſh man aliue,
With whom my ſoule is any iotte at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night
I thanke my God for my humilitie.
Qu. A holy day ſhall this be kept hereaf
I would to God all ſtrifes were well compou
My ſoueraigne liege I do beſeech your Maieſ
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.
Glo. Why Madame, haue I offred loue for
To be thus ſcornde in this royall preſence?
Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead
You do him iniurie to ſcorne his coarſe.
Ri. Who knowes not he is dead? who kno
Qu. All ſeeing heauen, what a world is th
Buc. Looke I ſo pale Lord Dorſeſt as the
Dor. I my good Lord, & no one in this p
But his red colour hath forſooke his cheekes
Kin. Is Clarence dead? the order was reuer
Glo. But he (poore ſoule) by your firſt ord
And that a winged Mercury did beare,
Some tardie cripple bore the countermaund,
That came too lagge to ſee him buried:
God graunt that ſome leſſe noble, and leſſe lo
Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood
Deſerue not worſe then wretched Clarence di
And yet goe currant from ſuſpition.